

COMPLIMENTARY OUTLINE HISTORY NEW HAVEN

PRESENTED BY

O.A. DORMAN

THE
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OUTLINE HISTORY
OF
NEW HAVEN

1638 TO 1884

COMPLIMENTS OF
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O.A. DORMAN

THE
STATIONER

696
CHAPEL ST.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

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OUTLINE HISTORY
OF
NEW HAVEN,

(Interspersed with Reminiscences,)

BY
HENRY HOWE,

AUTHOR OF

*"Historical Collections of Virginia," "His. Col.'s of Ohio," "His.
Col.'s of the Great West," "Over the World, etc.,"
"New Haven's Elms and Green," etc.*

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CENTENNIAL OF THE CITY, JULY 4, 1884.

The Pioneer Party.—Eaton came with a party to explore the place, and pleased with the prospect returned to Boston, leaving seven men to winter here and make preparations for the body of colonists to come on the next Spring. One of the seven died, John Beecher, and in excavating for the stone house, built in 1750, and now standing at the junction of George and Meadow streets, his bones were found after a burial of 113 years. They wintered in a hut, about fifty rods west, near the West Creek. He is supposed to have been the husband of the Widow Beecher, who came with the first settlers, and from whom it is believed sprung the noted Beechers of our time. Away back there was the seed of "Uncle Tom," eccentric eloquence, pathos, humor and ideality. "My good friend," said old Lyman Beecher half a century ago, to a young minister who was lamenting the degeneracy of the times—pausing while walking with him on the street—"My good friend," and then he dropped his voice and softly whispered, as was his wont when about to say something odd, "I don't know how that is, I've not been running the world the past twenty years; God Almighty has it in charge now."

Davenport's company, which came from London in the Hector and her consort, numbered about 250 persons (men, women, children and servants), of whom about fifty were adult men. But so enthusiastic were the reports in regard to Quinnipiac, and so popular the leaders, that many joined the expedition from Boston and vicinity.

The First Sunday.—On the 30th of March, 1638, the Company sailed from Boston in a pinnace, and in about a fortnight arrived at Quinnipiac. Their vessel probably sailed up the West Creek, nearly as far as College street; for it is said they worshiped, the first Sabbath, under "an oak-tree near the landing." West Creek emptied into the harbor near the Derby depot, and extended beyond York street. This oak was standing within the northeast corner of College and George streets as late as 1750. Mr. Davenport preached from Matthew iv. 1, discoursed on the temptations of the wilderness, made such observations, and gave such directions and exhortations as were pertinent to the condition of his hearers.

One of the principal reasons which the colonists assigned for their removal from Massachusetts was that they should be more out of the way and trouble of a general governor over New England appointed by the Crown, which at this time was a subject of great fear in all the plantations. "The first planters of New Haven recognized in their acts no human authority foreign to themselves. They appear to have studiously avoided any mention of their native country, or any allusion to the question of allegiance to the King of England. Their object was to found, untrammelled, a Christian Commonwealth."

Treat with the Natives.—Soon after their arrival, after a day of fasting and prayer, they formed a temporary government, founded upon the rules of Scripture, and it did excellent service for over a year. The Indians here were few in number, only about forty men with their families, and they were glad that the English had come, as they would protect them against their enemies, the Pequots and the Mohawks. They made two treaties with them, purchased their land in and around the place, leaving them reservations for raising corn, beans, pumpkins, squashes, and the right to hunt, fish, and go oystering and clamming to their heart's content. The marks which these Indians made for their signatures to the treaties were not high art. At their conclusion the Indians, who never could show a good title to their land, were overjoyed; felt richer than so many Jay Goulds. They had got what they never had before, a great quantity of English and French cutlery, hatchets, knives, scissors, and some good clothes—of which they were sadly in need. Who would not like to have been present and helped on Quosagush or Montowese with his first tailor's made coat, and witnessed his joy? One can fancy such a scene with the entire body of our Center street tailors present—Franklin, Thill, Jones, Foote, Atwater, Rausch, Ed. P. & B. R. Merwin, Kraft Brothers, Bohan & Hackett, Maltby & Son, Miles, and John Conboy—sixteen strong—all present with eager eyes, their countenances in a professional artistic glow, ruminating upon the fit.

"Lo! the poor Indian!" etc.

Some of the first settlers dwelt in half-way caves as temporary lodgings. Rev. Michael Wigglesworth, who came to Quinnipiac with his parents in October, 1638, when he was about seven years old, wrote:

"Winter approaching we dwelt in a cellar, partly under ground, covered with earth, the first winter. But I remember that one great rain brake in upon us and drencht me so in my bed, being asleep, that I fell sick upon it; but ye Lord in mercy spar'd my life and restored my health."

This cave was probably on the hillside south of George street, between that and West Creek.

The town was laid out in a half-mile square, and then subdivided into nine equal squares, the central one being left as a market place. This central square, now our famed GREEN, was originally much of it a swamp and unfit for either buildings or agriculture. Near the Chapel and Church street corner the Indians gathered alders for their arrows. In the region of the Long Wharf two suburbs were added. The surveyor who laid out the town was John Brockett, the son of Sir John Brockett, of Brockett's Hall, Herefordshire, who forsook his prospects of rank and wealth at home, drawn thither by the dimpling eye-

lids of a Puritan girl. He married here, but whether to this original magnet is unknown, and died at the good, ripe age of eighty.

Large, elegant houses were built by the wealthier of the colonists, who thought they were founding what was to be a rich commercial town. For instance, Theophilus Eaton's house, on the lower part of Elm street, had nineteen, and Mr. Davenport's, near by, thirteen fire-places. Eaton's house was elegantly furnished. The name New Haven was soon given to the place.

Founding a Government.—June 4, 1639, the free planters at Quinnipiac convened in a large barn* of Mr. Newman's, and in a very formal and solemn manner laid the foundations of a permanent government, and upon this statement, "that the Scriptures hold forth a perfect rule for the direction and government of all men, in all duties which they are to perform to God and men, as well in the government of families and commonwealth as in the matters of the church." From this was constructed the original constitution of New Haven, which declared that all government sprung from the church, and the church members alone were to elect all the civil officers as well as those of the church. As the plantation enlarged special laws were enacted and the civil policy advanced. The government, as thus formed, was a pure theocracy and a republic. God was over all, and every man, who acknowledged him, a voter. In commenting upon it, Dr. Bacon says :

They knew that as soon as they became prosperous the King would be sending over his needy profligates to govern and tax them, and Archbishop Laud and his surpliced dependents to gather the tithes into his storehouse, and to prevent this they established a free Christian commonwealth, where none should have any civil power except through church fellowship.

New Haven merged in Connecticut.—The plantations of Milford, Guilford, Branford, Stamford, and Southold, Long Island, were established soon after that of New Haven—many of the planters had been residents of the latter. All of them were included in the jurisdiction of New Haven, and formed what was known as the Colony of New Haven, and so remained until 1665, when New Haven, Milford, Branford, Guilford and Stamford submitted to, and were merged in the Colony of Connecticut, where all orderly persons, whether church members or not, possessing a freehold to a certain amount, could exercise suffrage.

The first Meeting-house was begun in 1639, the year after the founding of the town. It stood on the Lower Green, near the site

* This barn stood on the grounds of the Noah Webster mansion, southwest corner of Temple and Grove streets, adjoining the house where Mr. Webster wrote his dictionary.

of the liberty pole. It was about fifty feet square, and of wood, probably cut on the spot.

The congregation was called together by the beat of a drum. A military guard was stationed in the house, which was surmounted by a tower in which was a sentinel to give an alarm in case of any incursion of hostile Indians. Around the church were three pieces of artillery ready for use. It stood only about thirty years. In the meeting-house the men and women were seated separately, and, according to the custom of the time, with regard to rank. The first drum was beaten about eight o'clock, in the tower of the meeting-house, and through the streets of the town. At the second drum beating, families came forth from their dwellings and walked in orderly procession to the house of God, children following their parents to the door though not allowed to sit with them. The ministers in the pulpit wore gowns and bands, as they had done in England. The children were placed by themselves. The place for the armed men, or soldiers, was near the door.

"Our grandsires bore their guns to meeting,
Each man equip'd on Sunday morn,
With psalm book, shot and powder horn."

The Regicides.—After the restoration of the monarchy in England three of the judges—Goffe, Whalley and Dixwell—who had condemned Charles I., fled for their lives to this country. Goffe and Whalley arrived in Boston in 1660, and not feeling safe there, next year came to New Haven, and were kindly entertained by Mr. Davenport and others, the people universally sympathizing with them. While here two messengers of the Crown were sent to arrest them, when they secreted themselves in various places. The most prominent of these was "Judge's Cave," on the summit of West Rock, which is not a cave, but a cluster of five boulders—the tallest about sixteen feet high—which, leaning together, form a small cavity underneath; while there they were daily sent food by Richard Sperry, who lived about a mile away in front of the mountain. Another hiding place was at the "Lodge" or "Hatchet Harbor," a spot shown to-day in Woodbridge, about seven miles from the city. High on the tallest of the boulders at "Judge's Cave," from time immemorial, has been seen this line, though now nearly, if not quite, obliterated :

DISOBEDIENCE TO TYRANTS IS OBEDIENCE TO GOD!

Where Whalley or Goffe lie buried is unknown. It is pretty certain that Whalley died at Hadley, Mass. Dixwell lies buried back of the Center Church, on the Green, in the old burial ground; and believing the tradition that all three were buried there, and some obscurely marked stones being pointed out as over their remains, President Stiles says, in his History of the Judges: "Some British officers, as late as 1775, visited and treated the graves with marks of indignity too indecent to be mentioned."

Those obscurely marked stones are left there to this day in the inclosure, out of a profound respect for the tradition—left to show in what our ancestors believed.

Col. Dixwell came to New Haven several years later, and resided here until his decease, a period of about seventeen years, under the assumed name of James Davids. His house was on the east corner of College and Grove streets. He carried on no business, but employed his time in reading and walking in the neighboring groves and woods adjoining his house. At his death he disclosed his true character to the people, and owned the name of John Dixwell, but requested that no monument should be erected over his grave giving an account of his person, name and character, "lest his enemies might dishonor his ashes." He requested that a small, plain stone be set up with his initials, J. D., Esq., with his age and the date of his death, which was done. It is now near his new monument. While residing in New Haven he was twice married, and at his death left a wife and two children. On Nov. 22, 1849, his remains were disinterred, put in a small box, and buried underneath the new monument now in the rear of the Center Church; erected at the expense of Mr. Dixwell, of Boston, a descendant of the regicide. Some of the larger bones were well preserved, after a burial of 161 years.

The Phantom Ship.—New Haven was settled by merchants whose leading idea was commerce, not agriculture, for which they and the land, indeed, were illy adapted. In 1641 they planted a colony on the Delaware to trade with the Indians. The next year it was broken up by the Dutch from New York, who claimed jurisdiction. Extremely disappointed in trade, their large estates rapidly dwindling, they built a large ship and freighted her for England with the best part of their commercial estates.

Captain Lamberton and about seventy others embarked in her, among whom were six or eight of their most valued citizens. They sailed from New Haven in January, 1647. She was so "walty," *i. e.* rolling, that Lamberton, her master, said she would prove their grave: and she did. They cut their way out through the ice of the harbor for three miles, and with many prayers and tears and heart-sinkings set sail. Mr. Davenport, in prayer, used these words: "Lord, if it be thy pleasure to bury these, our friends, in the bottom of the sea, they are thine, save them."

Months of weary waiting passed over and no tidings from Europe of "the great shippe." She was never heard of—foundered at sea. The next June, just after a great thunder storm, the air being serene, there appeared about an hour before sunset, though the wind was northerly—there appeared in the air, coming up the harbor's mouth, a ship just like their "great shippe," with her sails all set as filled under a fresh gale, and continued sailing against the wind for half an hour, coming near to the people standing on the shore, when suddenly all her sails and masts seemed blown overboard; quickly after her hulk brought to a careen and she overset and vanished in a smoky cloud. The people declared this was the mold of

their ship and this her tragic end, and, said Mr. Davenport, "God has condescended, for the quieting of our afflicted spirits, this extraordinary account of his sovereign disposal of those for whom so many prayers had been made continually."

With the loss of this ship all hope of trade was given up. The sea had swallowed a large part of their estates, and they were in a poor condition for agriculture; and so discouraged were they that they thought of abandoning the settlement. After that, for many decades, they were a poor, struggling people.

Founding of Yale College.—Yale College was chartered as "a Collegiate School in his Majesty's Colony of Connecticut," through the action of ten ministers who met in the year 1700 in New Haven for that purpose. They constituted one of their number, Rev. Abraham Pierson of Killingworth, as rector, and temporarily established it at Saybrook. In 1718, a college building having been erected by various donations, it was removed to New Haven. The Saybrook people were greatly indignant, tore up some of the bridges on the road to New Haven, and made way with about one-quarter of the library. So unseemly did they behave that the civil authorities were summoned to protect the property. Their greatest benefactor was Elihu Yale, who sent to them, in all, the value of about £1,000, only about half of which they ever received. He was born in Boston, it is supposed about the year 1649. He was a son of David Yale, one of the early settlers of New Haven, who, in Elihu's youth, returned to England with his family. Elihu went to India, when a young man, as a merchant; acquired an immense estate, and became Governor of the East India Company. The cause of his benefaction was a shrewdly devised letter of appeal to him from Cotton Mather, in which is this home-striking paragraph:

"Sir," said he, "though you have felicities in your family, which I pray God continue and multiply, yet, certainly, if what is forming at New Haven, might wear the name of YALE COLLEGE, it would be a name better than a name of sons and daughters." Then he adds: "And your munificence might easily obtain for you a commemoration and perpetuation of your valuable name which indeed would be much better than an Egyptian pyramid."

True, every word, that, with the Sphinx and Singing Memnon thrown in.

Yale died at Wrexham, Wales, in 1721, where, on his tomb, are these striking lines:

"Born in America, in Europe bred,
In Afric traveled and in Asia wed,
Where long he lived and thrived: in London dead.
Much good, some ill he did, so hope's all's even,
And that his soul through mercy's gone to heaven.
You that survive, and read this tale, take care
For this most certain exit to prepare,
Where blest in peace the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the silent dust."

Another of the principal benefactors of Yale was the celebrated Dean Berkeley, who, for a time, lived at Newport, R. I., where he wrote his noted poem, the last verse of which has become so famous:

"Westward, the course of Empire takes its way,
The first four acts already past;
A fifth shall close the drama with the day,
Time's noblest offspring is the last."

The first Commencement exercises in New Haven were held Sept. 10, 1718, when ten students were graduated. The first college edifice was of wood, 170 feet long, 22 wide, 3 stories high, contained about 50 studies, was painted "blue," really a slate-color, formed by mixing lamp-black and white paint. It was taken down in 1782. It stood on the corner of College and Chapel streets, on the identical spot on the campus where the Yale students now, of Summer evenings, sit on the fence in long lines and make the air vocal with song and chorus—"rah!" "rah!"

The Great Awakening.—Some few years after the establishment of Yale College in New Haven (in 1735) began the great religious excitement throughout New England, commonly called "The Great Awakening." It met with very great and severe opposition from the ruling powers, both in Church and State. The Awakening, in its outcome, reformed the lives of multitudes, but divided many churches; those going off being called "New Lights." It had that effect in New Haven, which, up to that period, had but the single church. The seceders formed what was called the White Haven Church, and in 1744 built a church on the southeast corner of Elm and Church streets, called "the Blue Meeting-House"—not from its theology, but from its paint. Nathan Beers, murdered by the British on the invasion of New Haven, came by water from Stratford here to join this church; but so bitter was the feeling against any increase of New Lights that he could not find any one willing to bring his effects from the vessel, and was obliged to go out of town and hire a farmer for that purpose. In time this bitterness vanished under the beneficent effects of the new illumination.

Wadsworth's Map, published 1748, shows the position of every building in New Haven as it was then.

The number of dwellings was 180, of which 7 were painted "blue," 37 red and 138 unpainted. The public buildings were on or around the Green. Yale College and the Blue Meeting-House faced it, as described. The buildings on the Green were as follows: A second church, built in 1688, near the site of the first. Opposite Farnam College, near the line of College street, were four buildings in a row, viz.: the first State, or rather Colony House, built in 1717, county house, jail, and Hopkins' Grammar School, founded in 1655 and maintained to this day. A small building

probably a school house, stood near the site of the North Church. A little later important changes were made on the Green. The church then was taken down, and in 1757 the New Brick Meeting-House was built. It stood mostly in front of the Center Church. In 1772 the Fair Haven Society, an offshoot from the White Haven or Blue Meeting House Society, built on the site of the North Church. In the war of 1812 these two churches were taken down, and the three churches—North, Center and Trinity—now on the Green, built.

The Episcopalians built their first church in 1751-5, on the east side of Church street, about eight rods below the Cutler corner, which was at first surmounted by a crown. At the outbreak of the Revolution some patriotic youth, under cover of the night, climbed up the steeple with a pot of paint and blacked it. The venerated rector, good Parson Hubbard, when next morning he looked up at the crown, and saw it was not glistening in the sun as usual, thought something was the matter with his eyes; he thereupon rubbed them and looked again!

No War on Religion.—The lumber for building the three churches now on the Green was brought down the Connecticut River. Commodore Hardy, the British commander then patrolling Long Island Sound and blockading Decatur in New London, gave permission for the lumber vessels to pass through his fleet, saying he "made no war on religion." Taking advantage of his generosity our lumber yards were filled to overflowing. A nice sense of honor would not have allowed this; but this was more than could have been expected: the average man is not a paragon of uprightness.

In 1763 the New State or Colony House was built on Temple street, just north of Trinity. It stood until about 1830, when the present State House was erected.

The Whipping Post stood near it, and its last victim was whipped there in the Fall of 1831. About the last constable to officiate was Elihu Munson, who is remembered as much of a wag. On a well-remembered occasion he punished a poverty-stricken wretch for stealing a suit of clothes. Munson's heart was tender, and after laying on the assigned number of lashes very lightly he went among the by-standers and got up a contribution, bought the stolen suit of the owner and presented it to the culprit.

The Revolutionary War.—At the outbreak of the Revolution New Haven was in a more thriving condition than ever before. It had about 1800 inhabitants, including 150 Yale students. Consequent upon the cession of Canada to the Crown, in 1763, her maritime interests were successfully established. At this period some thirty vessels annually left this port on foreign voyages, mainly to the West Indies, and, says Trowbridge, in his Maritime History of New Haven, "It seemed as if the dreams of the early settlers, that New Haven was to become a

chief seat of trade, were about to be realized." Its wealth and population were increased, and many new mercantile houses established. The exports were mainly horses, oxen, flaxseed, wheat, rye, and Indian corn.

Benedict Arnold was then here, engaged in the West India trade, owning three vessels, coming and going under the pleasant names of "The Fortune," "Three Brothers" and "Charming Sally." Arnold was a native of Norwich, and it was said at one time was engaged in the apothecary business there, when on an occasion, being annoyed by the noise of the frequent playing of some bare-footed children in his side yard, he, for their benefit, pounded some glass and sowed it upon the ground. He married here Margaret Mansfield, at her father's house, then on the site of Peck's Grand Opera House, Crown street. His store and residence at first were in the wooden building, now standing, on George street, the first west of Wood's block. Later, Arnold's store and house were on Water street; the latter is yet standing. When tidings of the battle of Lexington reached New Haven, Arnold called out his company, the Governor's Guard, of which he was captain and which had been formed the year before, when forty of them volunteered to march thither with him. Being in want of ammunition, and the town authorities refusing to supply them, this audacious and plucky man, marched his company to the council chamber, where they were in session, and demanded the keys of the powder magazine instantanor and they would break down the doors and help themselves. The keys were passed over without further hesitation. This company was equipped and uniformed in scarlet, like the British Life Guard, and the only one on the ground that was complete in arms and equipment. They were, therefore, ordered to deliver the body of a British officer who, having been mortally wounded at Lexington and taken prisoner, had died. Their martial appearance, equipments and discipline excited the surprise of the British officers, one of whom remarked that they were not excelled, in these respects, by any of his Majesty's troops. Soon after Arnold made his famous march through the wilderness to Quebec, some of his company going with him and sharing in the privations of that perilous, almost fool-hardy campaign.

Invasion of New Haven.—The great military event in the history of New Haven was its invasion, Monday, July 5th, 1779, by the British then in possession of New York. The troops were under the command of Major-General Tryon and numbered about 2600 men. The narrative annexed is abridged from the diary of President Stiles of Yale College.

About one o'clock, morning July 5th, the fleet of about forty sail, under Sir George Collier, anchored off West Haven. Alarm guns were fired and Lieut. Col. Sabin ordered to beat to arms. With a telescope on the top of

the tower of the college steeple, we plainly saw the boats putting off from the shipping for shore a little after sunrise. All then knew our fate. Perhaps one-third of the adult male inhabitants flew to arms and went out to meet them. A quarter moved out of town, doing nothing; the rest remained unmoved, partly Tories, partly timid Whigs. Sundry of the Tories armed and went forth to fight the foe. About ninety or one hundred men finally stayed in town.

At five in the morning General Garth's division landed at West Haven and marched to the meeting-house, one mile, and formed upon the Green, where they halted two hours. About nine or ten, General Tryon landed his division at Five-Mile Point. Both divisions were engaged in their respective operations: Tryon approaching the town on the east side of the harbor and Garth on the west. Colonel Sabin with two pieces of artillery went to West Bridge. Captain James Hillhouse, with twenty or thirty brave young men, together with many others, crossed West Bridge, went over Milford Hill, and thence within a quarter of a mile of the Green where the enemy were paraded. Upon their beginning the march, Captain James Hillhouse fired upon the advance-guard so as to drive them in to the main body. But coming in force, the enemy perceived others besides Hillhouse's party had by this time passed the bridge and reached the hill, perhaps to the number of 150 men. These kept up a galling fire, especially on their outguards or skirmishers, extending perhaps to about forty rods each side of the column; and yet the column marched vigorously, but in a huddled confusion—about thirty companies, in three divisions.

On Milford Hill their Adjutant, Colonel Campbell, was slain. Sundry more were wounded. Rev. Dr. Naphthali Daggett (ex-President of Yale College), was captured. Our artillery at the bridge (Allingtown), was well served by Captain Phineas Bradley, and prevented the enemy passing the causeway and so into town that way. So they turned off and continued their route round to Derby Bridge (now Westville Bridge). As they came along our people divided: some crossed the bridge; others kept to the enemy's left, and under command of Col. Aaron Burr (afterwards Vice-President U. S.), harassed the enemy's march. When it was seen that they were aiming for the bridge (Westville), Captains Hillhouse and Bradley, with the artillery, crossed the fields to meet them. The main body crossed the bridge, the rest fording the river. Then, on the enemy rising the hill on this side and taking the road to town, we gave them a hearty fire and took a number of prisoners; also, on the other side we took a number.

The northern militia and those from Derby by this time pressed in and passed on all sides, and some behaved with amazing intrepidity. One captain drew up and threw his whole company (the Derby company, probably), directly before the enemy's column, and gave and received their fire. We fought upon a retreat into the town. Just at the northwest Ditch Corner entrance to town the battle became very severe and bloody for a short time, when a number were killed on both sides. [This was just beyond Broadway, where the fire alarm tower now stands, on Goffe street.] The enemy, however, passed on in force and entered town a little past noon. From that time the town was given up to ravage and plunder, from which only a few houses were protected.

While these things were transacting on this side of the harbor General Tryon was pursuing his desolation on the East Haven side. Upon landing he set fire to Mr. Morris's elegant seat. He was molested by the fort on Black Rock, three miles from town, under the command of Lieut. Bishop, and by a field-piece under the command of the gallant Lieut. Pierpont. [This was where Fort Hale was later built.] The fort was at length evacuated and the enemy reached Beacon Hill in the afternoon. The militia collected from every part, and at Ditch Corner there was incessant firing all

the afternoon. General Tryon, in the course of the afternoon, came over from the east side and counseled with General Garth, who wished to embark his troops. They were generally getting very drunk, and he was fearful it would not be safe to remain. This Tryon refused, but ordered the troops to embark next morning. This movement was begun before sunrise, and when the enemy left most of them crossed the ferry [site of Tomlinson's Bridge] and embarked on the East Haven side. On Tuesday evening the fleet set sail, the militia harassing them to the last moment. On leaving the enemy set fire, in East Haven and in the city together, eight dwellings, six stores, five barns and eight vessels.

When they came into town the dead and wounded were carried across the Green down to their ships in seven chairs [old-fashioned chaise without a top] and five wagons, in one of which wagons were ten men, as I had it from one who lived at the water side and counted them. They killed of our people in action twenty-one, besides some that died of their wounds, and also two aged men—Mr. Benjamin English* and Mr. Nathan Beers—whom they bayoneted, without resistance, in their own houses. Their conduct was barbarous. At New Haven we heard the heavy cannonading at Fairfield, being 3 P.M. of Wednesday, 7th. They burned most of the town that night, with the village of Green's Farms. A large body of militia assembled, annoyed them and shortened their stay.

The British put down their total loss at seventy-two killed, wounded and missing; our killed and wounded were about forty. The enemy, it is said, designed to burn New Haven, but were told if they did so they would destroy the property of many of their friends. The stores and dwellings of the town abounded in ardent spirits, and the soldiers became so thoroughly drunk that they failed to do all the mischief they would otherwise have done. General Garth, according to tradition, went into the belfry of the State House, and, on looking around, exclaimed, "O, it is too beautiful a place to burn!" After the enemy left, thousands of the militia and country people came flocking into town without any order, and, taking advantage of the distress, some miscreants among them plundered largely. Among the anecdotes told is that of a citizen who was, a few months later, attending a church at Cheshire, and saw his Sunday suit on the back of a brother worshiper.

A sad incident connected with the invasion was the death of Adjutant Campbell, of the British army—sad from the reflection of the noble qualities of the young man. When the enemy entered West Haven, Rev. Mr. Williston, the Congregational pastor, in an attempt to escape to the woods in the rear of the parsonage, in climbing over a fence, fell and broke his leg, and was captured. Some stories told the soldiers that Williston had been active in fomenting the rebellion and he ought to be killed, when Adjutant Campbell rescued him from their violence, had him carried into his house and ordered the surgeon to set the fractured limb and have the best care taken of him. Mr. Williston, it is said, after being saved, sung and blessed the Lord all the remaining part of the day that he had broken his limb, and had thus providentially escaped being shot while running from the enemy;

* Mr. English was great-grandfather of Ex-Governor English; Mr. Beers a great-grandfather of the writer hereof.

though he suffered much, he afterwards said that it was the happiest day of his life. Campbell, with other officers, stopped and breakfasted at the village tavern, when a woman came in and complained that one of the soldiers had robbed her of a valuable ring. He at once had her point out the miscreant, when he compelled him to restore it.

Campbell was killed while on the march, near the summit of the hill on the Milford road. He was evidently the idol of the army, and being tall and elegant in person and dress was a conspicuous object. A young man named Johnson, who lived close by and had been engaged in the skirmish, was sitting behind a tree or wall and saw Campbell riding up the hill, when he raised his musket and shot him through the breast. He was carried into a humble dwelling by the roadside, where he died attended by his servant; the latter then went into town. His bloody remains being found on the bed they were wrapped in a blanket and conveyed on a sheep-rack to his grave on the north side of the road. When the people of the neighborhood returned, they found his body entirely stripped of clothing, only a white cambric handkerchief, marked with his name and saturated with blood, which had been pressed into the wound to staunch the flow, being found upon him, which was long preserved as a relic. His dressing-case was sold by his servant to a resident of the city, and is now in possession of our Historical Society. In October, 1831, Mr. John W. Barber, the Historian of Connecticut, now living in New Haven at the advanced age of eighty-six years, placed over the grave a small stone, with the inscription as annexed cut by his own hands. Johnson, who shot Campbell, is remembered by our older citizens as an aged, infirm man, who used to go through our streets bent over, carrying his hands before him, on a level with his breast, and which were continually shaking from palsy.

CAMPBELL.

1779.

A comical matter connected with the invasion of New Haven was the eccentric performances of Naphthali Daggett, a venerable old gentleman, Professor of Divinity in Yale and ex-president. "He had," writes Dr. Bacon, "the day before preached to the students morning and afternoon from the ever-appropriate text: 'I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ.' Little did he think that a yet more appropriate text for all the pulpits in New Haven on that day would have been: 'Thou knowest not what shall be on the morrow.'" The story of his operations the next day, in another pulpit, is thus told by Hon. Elizur Goodrich, then a college student:

I well remember the surprise we felt as we were marching over West Bridge towards the enemy, to see Dr. Daggett riding furiously by us on his old black mare, with his long fowling-piece in hand ready for action. We knew the old gentleman had studied the matter thoroughly and settled in his own mind as to the right and propriety of fighting it out, but were not quite prepared to see him come forth in so gallant a style to carry his principles into practice. Giving him a hearty cheer as we passed, we turned towards West Haven at the foot of Milford Hill, while he ascended a little to the west and took his station in a copse of wood, where he appeared to be reconnoitering the enemy like one who was determined to bide his time. As we passed on toward the south, we met an advance-guard of the enemy and from our stand at a line of fence we fired on them several times, and then chased them the length of three or four fields as they retreated, till we found ourselves involved with the main body and in

danger of being surrounded. It was now our turn to run, which we did for our lives.

Passing by Dr. Daggett, in his station on the hill, we retreated rapidly across West Bridge, which was instantly taken down by persons who stood ready for the purpose, to prevent the enemy from entering the town by that road. In the meantime Dr. Daggett, as we heard afterwards, stood his ground manfully while the British columns advanced to the foot of the hill, determined to have the battle to himself, as we had left him in the lurch, and using his fowling-piece now and then to excellent effect, as occasion offered, under cover of the bushes. But this could not last long. A detachment was sent up the hill-side to look into the matter, and the commanding officer coming suddenly, to his great surprise, on a single individual in a black coat, blazing away in this style, cried out:

"What are you doing there, you old fool—firing on his Majesty's troops?"

"Exercising the rights of war," replied the old gentleman.

The very audacity of this reply, and the mixture of drollery it contained, seemed to amuse the officer, and he said:

"If I let you go this time, will you ever fire again on the troops of his Majesty?"

"Nothing more likely," rejoined the old gentleman in his dry way.

This was too much for flesh and blood to bear, and it is a wonder that they did not put a bullet through him on the spot.

He was then put in charge of the soldiers and marched before them two miles to the Derby bridge, and then into town until they arrived at the Green. He was kicked and cuffed and beaten on the bowels on the way, and so badly hurt that it hastened his death sixteen months after. He gave a detailed narrative of his cruel treatment. It is rich reading, from its lachrymose style. The old gentleman was certainly what is termed "an odd fish."

When the British left the city to embark, Tuesday morning about sunrise, some of the officers were seen driving their drunken, red-coated soldiers across the Green, striking them with the flats of their swords. As we now look upon that peaceful, delight-giving spot, we can not realize that it was ever the scene of such a performance. A very handsome picture of that time is given by one of our home-writers, Rev. Chauncey Goodrich, grandson of the Hon. Elizur Goodrich whom we have just quoted. It gives the appearance of the British marching through what we now call Westville, as seen from the top of West Rock. He writes:

Some persons who had fled from New Haven to the houses near West Rock, ascended the rock, and from its summit viewed the march of the British as they advanced and entered the west end of the village. One of the number in after years described the sight as very striking, and even beautiful. The long column of men moving with the regular step of disciplined troops; the mingling colors of the uniforms worn—the bright red of the English Foot Guards blending with the graver hues of the dress worn by the German Mercenaries; the waving line of glistening bayonets; the hurried riding forth and back of mounted officers, and the frequent flashes of musketry, no doubt combined to make up a scene which might

well attract admiration, were not the occasion so fraught with terror to the spectators.

As an evidence of the stringency of the times in the last years of the war, there is an advertisement inserted in the *Connecticut Journal and New Haven Post Boy*, by Ezra Stiles, President of Yale College, under date January 29, 1779, stating that the vacation would be extended owing to the difficulty which the steward found in procuring flour or bread. The students then boarded in commons. The advertisement ended with a request that the parents would assist in furnishing supplies.

The news of peace was celebrated in New Haven on the last Thursday of April, 1783, by the firing of thirteen cannon on the Green at sunrise; services in the forenoon in the Brick Meeting-House were: an opening anthem by the choir; prayer by President Stiles; an ingenious oration from Tutor Elizur Goodrich; a liberal collection for the poor, and then a closing anthem. "A number of respectable gentlemen dined at the coffee-house, drank patriotic toasts and elevated their hearts with rejoicing." Cannon were then fired hourly on the Green, and after dark fireworks were sent up—all ending at nine o'clock with a huge bonfire. "The whole affair was conducted with a decorum and decency uncommon on such occasions." So prints the *Post Boy*, from which is inferred that there was less drunkenness and fighting than usual. It was a day of universal dram-drinking, and the people liked it. The chaplain of a Connecticut regiment, complaining to his colonel that his men failed to come to morning prayers, was told, "I'll fix that." The Colonel issued a notice that the liquor rations would hereafter be issued immediately on the close of the morning prayer. The result was satisfactory—not a man was delinquent.

Incorporation of the City.—By act of the Legislature, a portion of the town of New Haven was organized as a city, Feb. 10, 1784. The officers elected were: *Mayor*, Roger Sherman; *Clerk*, Josiah Meigs; *Treasurer*, Hezekiah Sabin; *Sheriffs*, Elias Stillwell, Parsons Clark; *Aldermen*, Thomas Howell, Samuel Bishop, David Austin and Isaac Beers; *Councilmen*, James Hillhouse, Pierpont Edwards, Ebenezer Townsend, Timothy Jones, John Whiting, Henry Daggett, Joseph Howell, James Rice, Elias Shipman, Ebenezer Beardsley, Joseph Thompson, Eneas Munson, Jeremiah Atwater, Stephen Ball, Jonathan Ingersoll, Abraham Augur, Abel Bassett, Joseph Bradley, Michael Todd and Joel Gilbert.

With a magnanimity that did them honor, all those who in sentiment merely had adhered to the cause of Great Britain, but were innocent of any acts of hostility against the United States, were admitted as full citizens. The above list comprises a body of talented men not since, perhaps, equaled in our city government. At its head was Roger Sherman, one of

the committee, the immortal five, who were selected to draw up the Declaration of American Independence. Jefferson said of him, he had the best common sense of any man in Congress. A Christian statesman, his integrity was unsullied, his life a blessing. He lived on Chapel street, in the house still standing next west of Carll's Opera House, the front door of which swings open in two sections, an upper and a lower. He died in 1793.

Three years later, 1787, when a census was taken, the city had 614 families living in 466 houses, and, including 176 Yale students, 3,540 souls. Dr. Dana, in his Century Sermon, 1801, gives the population at 4,000, of whom 85 were slaves, 115 free blacks, 48 Indians and mulattoes, 142 foreigners. There were 471 Congregationalist families, 226 Episcopalian, 7 Catholic, 1 Moravian, 1 Baptist, 7 Methodist, 1 Quaker, 4 Priestlian, and 16 Nothingarian. There were 110 stores and 61 vessels; tonnage 5,436.

Planting of the Elms.—The first of the elms known in the history of our city, two in number, were planted in 1686. They stood on Elm street before the Bristol mansion, the last one remaining until 1839. It was then 146 years from its setting out. Rev. James Pierpont was settled in 1685, the successor of John Davenport, when the people built for him a new house on that site, furnished it and brought free-will offerings of various kinds. One poor man, William Cooper by name, having nothing else to give, brought these elms and put them before the good man's door. "Under their shade, some forty years after (1726) Jonathan Edwards spoke words of mingled love and piety in the ears of Sarah Pierpont. Under their shade, when some sixty summers had passed over (1746) Whitefield stood on a platform and lifted up that voice, the tones of which lingered so long in thousands of hearts."

The planting of our elms appears to have had its origin in a paper drawn up by James Hillhouse, dated in the Spring of 1787, to which various citizens subscribed stating what each would pay for beautifying the Green by planting elms and preventing the washing of the sand. It was at this time that Hillhouse laid out Temple street, in conformity with a vote passed at a city meeting, on the 5th of June of that year. He planted the street with elms, and also, in 1792, through Hillhouse avenue, then a part of his farm and unopened. He set out the elms around the Green, all but the inner rows, which were set out by David Austin. Hillhouse was the most enterprising, public-spirited man the city ever had, and an untiring worker, laboring in elm-planting with his own hands. The Green, up to the beginning of this century, was a rough spot, all an open common, when, through the public spirit of James Hillhouse, David Austin, Pierpont Edwards and Isaac Beers, it was improved, and a wood fence put around it; it was then divided into two parts by fencing through Temple street. In 1845 the present iron fence was erected, at an expense of about \$7,000, by a faithful builder, Nathan Hayward.

Grove Street Cemetery owes its existence to the enterprise of James Hillhouse, for he, in July, 1796, got up a subscription for that purpose, and in 1832 was buried there, aged 78 years. It has the eminent distinction of being, it is said, the first cemetery on the globe that was laid out into family lots, and was at an early

period regarded as the most beautiful. The cemetery contains seventeen and two-thirds acres, about the size of our Green including half of its bounding streets. It is the resting place of more eminent characters and persons of varied eminence than any other cemetery on our continent. Obliterate the deeds of those who lie there—Whitney, Morse, Goodyear—with those of many others of distinguished merit and fame, and the progress of the entire world would be set back several decades.

The Commerce of the City increased to large proportions during the later years of the last century and in the earlier years of the present. Our ships sailed in every sea, but our trade was principally with the West Indies. A large fleet of vessels in the decade ending with 1806 were engaged in sealing, some of them ships of 300 tons, carrying fifteen to twenty guns, and manned with large bodies of seamen. Their voyage was to the South Seas for seals, thence to Canton, as a market for the skins, and then return home with a cargo of nankeens, teas and china. Old New Haven families have now choice sets of china brought here by those vessels, which they retain in just pride of their enterprising, adventurous forefathers.

The most successful, perhaps, of all American voyages was that of the *Neptune*, twenty guns, manned by forty-five active, bright New Haven county young men from our solid families. She was owned by Ebenezer Townsend, called "The Merchant Prince" of New Haven; commanded by Captain David Greene, a complete seaman, who lived in the "Old Cottage" on Water street, near Sargent's factory. She returned from her three year's voyage around the world, July, 1799. Her voyage gave a profit of \$260,000, nearly equal to a million now. Her custom-house duties were \$75,000, which was a quarter more than the civil-list tax of the whole State of Connecticut at that time. Her arrival filled the town with joy. The military marched down to the Cedars, on the west shore, drums beating, colors flying, and fired guns in welcome; and in the balmy air of the Summer evening the boys met on the street corners and sang patriotic songs. The outrageous despoiling, annoying, searching of our ships by English and French vessels, and general depredations upon our commerce at this period, at last ruined it, and brought on the war of 1812. A full history, from which these facts are derived, will be found in Mr. Trowbridge's Maritime History of New Haven. The embargo, passed Dec. 7, 1807, brought on great distress here; for over a year not a ship was allowed to leave our harbor. Trowbridge says there were but few of our citizens who were not, directly or indirectly, dependent upon foreign commerce. About 100 shipwrights were living in the place, 32 commercial houses, 82 ships were engaged in foreign trade, and hundreds of seamen here had their homes. On the anniversary of its passage, next year, there was a day of mourning for the death of American commerce. The flags on the shipping hung at half-mast; a procession was formed on Fleet street, comprising all classes and grades of society. It was led by a young man clad in mourning, and mounted on a black horse. He carried in his hand a banner, on which was inscribed: "*Bonaparte—O-grab-me!*" which last word the reader will find spells "Embargo," if read from the right. Following the leader was a company of seamen, neatly dressed, with crape attached to their left arms. Six of them bore a boat, the flag of which was at half-

mast, shrouded in mourning, being emblematical of the Constitution of the United States. Throngs of people joined the procession as it passed through State and Chapel streets; and when it reached the Green, where an address was delivered, it was estimated there were 1,400 people in the procession, nearly one quarter of the entire population of the city. When, early in 1809, President Jefferson by proclamation ended the embargo, great joy prevailed, and a splendid dinner was given at Butler's famous tavern, where these were drunk among other toasts:

"The State of Connecticut—Here's to the ship that has weathered the storm." "New England—The Ocean is her birthright; her sons will never flee to the mountains." "Non-intercourse, the embargo and non-importation acts.—The shells of these terrapins are cracked."

The War of 1812-1815 was very unpopular in New England, resulting as it did in the destruction of our commerce. At that time there were over 600 seamen living in New Haven. Many of these entered the navy, and others engaged in privateering. Some interesting incidents connected with the latter are preserved by Trowbridge. It was a matter of gratulation to the people that the great naval hero of the war, Commodore Isaac Hull, who commanded the old *Constitution* in her celebrated fight with the *Guerriere*, was a New Haven bred seaman, albeit Derby born. Then it was, as the old song has it—

"Isaac did so maul and rake her,
That the decks of Captain Dacres
Were in such a woeful pickle,
As if death with scythe and sickle,
With his sling and with his shaft,
Had cut his harvest fore and aft.

"Thus, in thirty minutes ended
Mischief that never could be mended,
Masts and yards and ship descended,
All to David Jones' locker,
Such a ship in such a pucker."

On this occasion Dacres began firing at long range. Hull, who was standing on the quarter-deck, ordered his men not to fire until he should give the word, which he resolved not to do until the enemy was close at hand. It is told, as among the dignities of history, that when the auspicious moment came for his annihilating broadside, he suddenly sprang high in air, and then, on coming down, shouted "Fire" with tremendous emphasis; as he alighted his person naturally assumed a bending posture, his hands falling to his knees, the whole being done with such force of action as to rend a nether garment.

About the year 1826 he boarded with his family for a season at the Tontine. We often saw him in uniform, walking by the Green, in front of "the old Chauncey mansion" where we lived, accompanied by a bevy of merry, chattering ladies, who seemed to feel they had a hero for an escort, and as he was

always attired in naval uniform the group was attractive. He was a short, fleshy man, ever in a jolly mood, and rolled over the pavement on his sea legs like a genuine Jack Tar "all of ye olden time."

A marked incident in New Haven's maritime history was the capture, by a British cruiser, of the packet *Susan*, John Miles, master, near Bridgeport, on her return from New York. The news being received here a large number of our prominent citizens, full of fight, armed themselves, rushed aboard the revenue cutter and went in pursuit. They, too, ran into the Lion's mouth and were captured; but were soon released by ransom, and returned to their anxious families wiser if not meeker men.

The fort on Beacon or Prospect Hill was built by volunteers from town and country. One day it was 100 men from North Haven, headed by their minister, the venerable Dr. Trumbull, over eighty years of age; another, 100 from Cheshire, under Andrew Hull, Esq.; another, 100 from Hamden, etc. On the 6th of September, 1814, says a writer of the time, "the town was thrown into consternation by an express from Branford to General Howe, military commander here, that the enemy were landing in force near Branford. Whereupon he ordered the alarm to be given by the discharge of cannon and the ringing of the bells." The military assembled, and the women prepared to flee by packing their valuables and burying their silver and choice china.

This officer was Hezekiah Howe, bookseller, father of the writer. On going home, and finding Mrs. H. busy packing for a hasty exit, he was amused and smiled, as was his habit, saying he thought there was no real danger. She had had experience of war. During the invasion of New Haven, in the Revolution, some British soldiers came into her father's house, that of Ebenezer Townsend, shipping merchant, snatched a string of gold beads from the neck of her mother, and pried open a desk and robbed it of its valuables. That desk is still in the family, with the bayonet marks upon it. As they entered, she, a little girl of three years, greeted the red-coats with one of her best courtesies, as she personally told us in our youth.

The welcome news of peace was received here February 13, 1815. Joy abounded and commerce again flourished. One hundred sea-going vessels owned here, and mostly commanded by New Haven men, and manned by American-born seamen, were soon tossing on every ocean.

The first steamboat, the *Fulton*, Captain Bunker, arrived here from New York, March 21, 1815, with thirty passengers: passage 11½ hours. Previous to that time it had been considered doubtful if a steamboat could navigate the Sound. She then began making two trips per week—fare, \$5.00. Previously passengers and goods had been transported by packets, which were sometimes a week on the way. Land passage by stages occupied parts of two days.

The Cold Summer.—In 1816, called the year of "the cold Summer," there was a frost every month.

The Great Fire on Long Wharf occurred on the night of October 28, 1820, when twenty-six stores and warehouses, many of them filled with West India produce, were reduced to ashes. Losses estimated at nearly a quarter of a million. New Haven was never before visited by such a calamity. An eccentric character of that time was Jerry Alling, pedagogue and poet, called "the Milton of Hamden Plains." He set out the big elm by the town pump on the Green the day Benjamin Franklin died, April 17, 1790, being paid for so doing by Thaddeus Beecher, then a grocer on the Exchange Corner; it was then a sapling which he brought in on his shoulders from Hamden. He was accustomed to go among the citizens and repeat his poem on this fire. When he came to the word "fire!" he was silent, and simply clapped his hands, for he said: "I am fearful of giving the alarm." The poem opened with:

The cry through town was "Fire!" "Fire!"
The bells did ring, the flames flew higher;
I went the almanac to see
What time high water was to be;
I found 'twas but half flood
And 'twould do but little good.

As he progressed with his description he mourned the losses by the disaster. According to the memory of our informant it was about in this wise:

The lumber yards, so rich and great,
Not equalled in the town or state,
And the molasses, which I most lament.
Oh, dear! what labor has been spent
In earning what is now destroyed,
Which 'twas hoped might be enjoyed, etc.

Another verse gives the width of the wharf, and describes the raging of the fire thus:

The wharf was four rods wide,
The fire did rage from side to side,
And had the wharf been any wider
The fire would have raged from side to side (cider).

After reading this one may look at the big elm by the town pump and think, with renewed interest, of its planter, Jerry Alling, "the Milton of Hamden Plains," who departed this life Oct. 3, 1830, aged 67 years.

The only burial place of New Haven, from the first settlement, 1638 to 1796, was the central part of the Upper Green. The State House and Center Church cover a portion of the ground. The enclosure was octagonal, surrounded by a board fence painted red, which became by age faded and dingy. In 1820 the stones were removed to the Grove Street Cemetery, when the Rev. Mr. Hill (Baptist) delivered an address. On Sept. 3

occurred the *great gale*, which came from the southwest. The Methodist Church, then building on the northwest corner of the Green, was blown down, and the sea spray was carried as far north as Wallingford, fourteen miles, and salt found encrusted on the windows of the house of Rev. Joseph Noyes and others there next morning.

The Lancasterian School was opened, with 240 scholars, on the 22d of April, 1822, in the basement of the Methodist church on the Green, by John E. Lovell, a pupil of Lancaster, in England. Hundreds of pupils were simultaneously taught by a classified system of monitors among the boys; the younger were taught by the older, and they in turn were taught by the head of the school. Beside the ordinary monitors there were six monitor generals, all bearing badges. The school was highly popular, and some of our strong men received there their only schooling. In 1827 the city built a new school building near the site of the High School, on Orange street, which Mr. Lovell conducted on the Lancaster plan. Prior to this the town did not own a single school building, excepting a slight structure in Fair Haven, of no special value.

Mr. Lovell is, we are glad to say, yet with us. Although he is traveling on his ninetieth year he continues to work "while it is yet day," engaged in literary work; like Michael Angelo, who, in his ninetieth year, when the final messenger summoned him, found him in the midst of beneficent labors, the ministry of the beautiful. Of Mr. Lovell's original pupils, all of this grand old New England stock which we love, a few only are lingering with us. Even with these it must soon be as "a tale that is told." Still the elms will stand proudly upon our Green, as they stood even before the days of their youth; the snows of Winter will continue to whiten their lofty summits, and the maples to blush with the tints of Autumn; then these too will pass away.

The Medical College Mob.—The old Medical College building, now, as enlarged, the Sheffield Scientific School, was threatened with destruction by a mob on the night of Jan. 12, 1824. The grave of a young lady in the burial ground at West Haven, whose funeral had taken place but a day or two previous, had been despoiled of its remains. The discovery arose from finding her comb near by, and the disturbed appearance of the ground at the spot. Suspicions at once centered upon the medical students in New Haven.

The discovery created a horror of indignation indescribable, and the ferocious howlings of the mob in the darkness of that night, as they were crossing the Green from the corner of Church and Chapel streets on their way to the Medical College to search for the remains, is among the fearful recollections of the writer's childhood. On their arrival they broke into the building, an avalanche of wild, infuriated beings, and began the search, when lo! on the cellar bottom a single lock of hair was found protruding above the ground. And there was the body. It had been hurriedly buried. By what necromancy the mob was restrained from the instant destruction of the building we know not. It must have been by the exertions of some single master-mind, among the representatives of civil authority present, that

they were restrained. And from the nature of the provocation, also, it is probable that the mob itself was composed more largely than usual of persons amenable to reason. At that period it was difficult to procure subjects for the practical study of anatomy, and this was, doubtless, a private venture of the students, unknown to their teachers.

The visit of Lafayette, Aug. 12, 1824, was an occasion of joyous excitement. Our then little city was illuminated by tall candles, held by rows of laths placed across the windows, for gas was not then in use. Everywhere on the principal streets were transparencies with the words "WELCOME LAFAYETTE." While the fever was on, the ladies, the country through, wore calico dresses on which were printed the same joyous words. We remember him as a man of commanding appearance, full six feet in stature, and his countenance was beaming with benignity. He found here many old revolutionary soldiers, who seemed almost to worship him. The "cap-sheaf" of idolatry was exhibited in Bolton, where across the road was an arch, under which he was to pass, with the inscription, "THE GREAT JEHOVAH, WASHINGTON AND LAFAYETTE."

Various Items.—1825—The *Eagle Bank* failed Sept. 19; a terrible blow to the prosperity of New Haven. Yale College lost largely. Three of the principal borrowers from the bank, through whose unfortunate operations came its ruin, were imprisoned for debt in our jail on the site of the city buildings. We went into their cell and saw them. 1825—*Wooster Square* laid out, containing five acres. 1825—*Tontine Coffee House* built. 1828—Aug. 4, occurred the "*Bread and Butter Rebellion*," in Yale; the students boarded in commons with fellow students as waiters, who thus earned their bread. Dissatisfied with their food, the students rebelled and a large number were dismissed for disorderly conduct. 1830—*Farmington Canal* (now the line of the Canal Railroad,) extended to Westfield, Mass. The construction of this canal brought on the first great wave of *Irish emigration* to New Haven. The Irish came as laborers. Prior to 1825, there were not half a dozen Irish families in the city; in 1834 they erected the first Catholic church, a small, wooden structure at the junction of York street and Davenport avenue. At the door or east end was a short gallery, running widthwise of the church. This gallery was upheld in front by a beam anchored in the side walls. Unknown to the worshippers, this beam was weakened underneath at the center by a saw cut. At the opening exercises the heavy weight sank down the gallery at its center, and this beam, assuming somewhat the form of a V, came crashing down into a pew below. Several were killed and wounded; a heart-sinking sight as we saw them, half an hour later, lying upon the greensward in front, deathly pale and moaning. One old man had his back broken in as he was kneeling and leaning forward in his pew when the gallery sank. He and his grandson beside him were from Derby and recent converts; both died.

Gov. English, whose life education has largely been in the material development of New Haven, regards the year 1825 as the epoch or turning point, where the town began to emerge from a village and put on the airs of a city.

That year the Tontine was finished, the Eagle Bank Building, now Exchange, began, and various enterprises started. In 1827 anthracite or hard coal was first introduced, and the first school building erected by the

taxpayers. In 1828 the last session of the Legislature was held in the old State House, and in 1830 the first session in the new. At this last date New Haven had but two *stationary steam-engines*, which were used mainly for turning and sawing wood, and respectively owned by Richard Beach, on Orange street, and John M. Barlow, on Artisan street. In 1832 the Asiatic cholera made its first visit, and twenty-six persons died; it was not as fatal as the yellow fever, in 1794, by which sixty-four persons died.

General Jackson on his Grand Tour, in the Summer of 1833, came to New Haven. He, with Vice-President Martin Van Buren, and his suite standing beside him, received the citizens, one fine June morning, in the center of the hall of the State House, facing the west.

They came in by thousands, a human stream, flowing in at the south door and passing out of the north. He was guiltless of the folly of shaking hands with the multitude, but stood upright, with his hands behind him, and bowed gracefully at regular intervals, with pauses between so as to take in about thirty of the staring, curious people at each bow. As we appropriated our share, the thirtieth of a bow, we saw before us a six-foot tall, wiry old man, visage long, thin, melancholy, solemn as that of the knight of the rueful countenance. His face was very red from the sunburn of recent travel, having bowed, bareheaded, riding in his carriage, to enthusiastic, shouting multitudes in many cities through which he had lately passed. In striking contrast, his hair, snowy white, stood upright, bristling from every part of his head. It was a common saying, in that day, "Yes; his hair stands up bristling all over his head just like General Jackson's." He wore a tall white hat, the lower half buried in crape, in mourning for his deceased wife, upon whom he had doted, and in defense of whose good name, we believe, he once fought a duel and killed his man.

After leaving Washington on this tour he was assaulted on board of a steamboat, while stopping at the wharf in Alexandria, by Lieut. Randolph, a fiery, hot-headed Virginian, who had just been dismissed from the navy. Randolph, smarting under a sense of wrong, rushed on board the boat, designing to pull General Jackson's nose; but had just begun the assault when the bystanders interfered and dragged him away. Taken by surprise the aged warrior, in a torrent of passion, sprang from his seat and rushed for his cane to "chastise the rascal." Years after, we made the acquaintance of Randolph, living in a common country tavern, in an obscure village in the interior of Ohio—a pitiable object, old, poor and seedy, a disgraced and fallen man; living in bitter memories, existence scarce endurable; but withal his air was of one born to command, and you saw in that tall, imperious presence a gentleman from one of the proudest, most honored families of Old Virginia.

The President, when here, stopped at the Tontine. His servant daily, after shaving, bathed his sore, sun-burnt face in milk, and then rubbed the old gentleman's head in soothing manipulation until he passed away in slumber in his easy chair; and the flies continued to buzz: they always did around "Old Hickory."

1835. *A very cold Summer*, ice in July; following Winter the harbor was frozen six weeks. May, 1835, first railroad survey in the State was made by Prof. Alex. C. Twining; the writer was one of the party, the daily cry to him having been: "rod up." It was made for the Hartford and New Haven Rail-

road, which was finished to Meriden in 1839, then but a village set upon a hill and a few houses scattered on the line of the Hartford turnpike; now a manufacturing city down in a valley, a mile west, with its more than twice ten thousand people. The next year the cars ran to Hartford. Jan. 18, 1848, on the Canal Railroad, the cars ran as far as Plainville; Dec. 29, 1848, the cars ran to New York; in July, 1852 to New London; on the Air Line to Middletown in 1870, and on the Derby Railroad in 1871. In 1861 the first horse-car line was opened to Fair Haven, anciently called "Dragon."

The *Amistad captives*, January 13, 1840, were declared free by Judge Judson of the United States District Court, and eventually returned to their native land. This was an interesting case, as its final settlement involved some nice questions of international law. The story in brief is this:

Don Jose Ruiz and Don Pedro Montez, of the island of Cuba, having purchased fifty-three slaves in Havana, including two girls, recently imported from Africa, put them on board the *Amistad*, Captain Ferrer, to transport them to Principe, another port on the same island, when, in order to obtain their freedom, they arose in the night, and arming themselves with sugar-cane knives, killed Captain Ferrer and the cook. Two of the crew escaped, leaving only alive their owners, Ruiz and Montez, whom they made prisoners for the purpose of navigating their vessel to Africa. The negroes, however, were deceived as to the course of the vessel, and after two months of sailing she was brought into the eastern entrance of Long Island Sound, where some of the negroes went ashore on the island, near Montauk Point, under the impression that it was Africa! The revenue cutter, *Washington*, Lieutenant Gedney, cruising out of New London, discovered her and took possession. The owners, Ruiz and Montez, claiming ownership, Gedney brought the captives to New Haven, where they were confined for months in jail pending the question of their disposal. Our philanthropic citizens, as may well be imagined, greatly interested themselves in their behalf. Here were "the heathen" right at their door; a missionary box not required. Colonel Stanton Pendleton, the jailor, often allowed them to go out on the Green for exercise, where they engaged in "ground and lofty tumbling." They were a short, lithe, light-hearted body of young men, and nimble as chipmunks. Their leader, Cinquez, was a bright young man of twenty six years; his portrait, as painted by Jocelyn, is a pleasant picture. Our well-known engraver, Lockwood Sanford, took the profiles of all but one for Barber's "History of the Amistad Captives." This he did by an ingenious profile machine which he invented from *matériel* he obtained from Hooker's Old Museum in the Exchange Building. His failure to take the last man was owing to the fact that every time he passed the wire down his forehead over his nose and down to his mouth, it "tickled him so," that last feature would suddenly gap open like a chasm and he would throw back his head in an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

The *first City Directory* was published in 1840 by J. M. Patten. It contained only 2,198 names, male and female, and our population then was but 15,820. Of its entire list of city officers—Mayor, Aldermen, Councilmen, etc.—not half a dozen are living; and as to the Board of Health, not one!

The *Millerite Delusion* was rife at this period, when it was predicted the world was to come to an end.

On the night of December 20, 1842, during a heavy snow storm, the whole heavens were aglow with a mysterious lurid light, and the believers hereabouts felt that the end of all things was at hand; and multitudes of others who had not before believed were filled with awe.

The firemen were not so badly scared but they were able to get out their machines, and one company had dragged theirs up as far as the head of Broadway when they were stopped by an old gentleman, a fervent Millerite and Methodist exhorter, who exclaimed: "Go back with your machine, young men! This is a fire all the water in the world can never quench, for the Lord God Almighty is now coming in all his glory!" The next morning the tidings came to town that Bunce's paper mill, out in Westville, had been burned the night before.

Living out on Orange street in a little house at this time was "Black Milly," an eccentric colored woman known to every one in town, as her occupation was peddling yeast made from hops, or as it was anciently called, "emptyins," which she drew in a little hand cart from door to door. Every one smiled when her name was mentioned. The sharp or odd things that fell from her lips, and her comical performances and vociferous shoutings at Methodist meetings, had made her locally famous. Next morning she was called upon by a neighbor, when she said; "O you ought to have seen me last night. How happy I was! I thought my blessed Jesus was coming. Then I got up and trimmed my lamps and set them a'burning, and put my house in order, and sat here waiting to give him a welcome." Milly was a good woman and, living an upright life, could not fail of being respected.

Yale and Town.—In the early part of this century a bitter animosity existed between what was called "the rabble" of the town and the students, and personal collisions were not infrequent, when the rallying cries were "Yale," "Yale," "Town," "Town." The commerce of the city was then large, and around the head of Long Wharf were low groggeries and sailors' boarding houses, from whence the "Town Boys" got their most enthusiastic fighting material. The Jack Tar of the old time took to a free fight with an indescribable relish—would spring in like an acrobat.

Thirty years ago our only theater, "Homans," was in the Exchange Building, where the town boys and students were wont to gather for amusement. It was, we think, in the Winter of 1853-1854 that collisions there between them had arisen, the town boys crying, "Hustle the monkeys out!"—the students rarely retorting. Everything seemed ripening for a mob to culminate in a tragedy. The excitement grew intense, and furious threats filled the air from the town boys. On the night of the occurrence we are now to relate, about seventy students were there for mutual protection, and when they issued from the hall a mob of thousands filled the street in front awaiting their exit. Our police force numbered, all told, only eight men, under Captain Lyman Bissell. He had been an officer in the

Mexican War; and is to-day living in our city, a retired major in the regular army. As the students came out they were greeted with insulting cries and threatenings. By the advice of Bissell the students moved together on the south pavement of Chapel street in line, two by two, up toward the College. The mob rolled along beside them in the street filling the air with howlings. The others marched on singing their great college song, "*Gaudeamus*," i. e., "Let us rejoice while we're young."

When the students had got nearly to the top of the hill, just opposite the Club House, the leader of the mob, an Irishman, rushed forward and seized a student, a young man from Missouri, by the clothing under his neck, and began to drag him into the midst of the mob. Suddenly he let go his hold, staggered back, and then fell dead amidst the howling throng; a knife in the hands of the student had severed both ventricles of his heart. The police were present, and Bissell ordered his men to take the body to the police office, in the Glebe Building, Chapel street side, he going with them. The students, followed by the mob, reached the campus, and by the advice of Professor Silliman, retired to their rooms. Some little time elapsed when Bissell, then in the police office, heard the rattling of the caisson of a piece of artillery passing in the street. An old soldier, he knew what that sound meant. There were then no city lamps, and the night was pitch-dark. Nothing could be seen. He went along with the rioters. They loaded the piece to the muzzle with cannon balls, grape shot, stones, pieces of brick, etc., and drew it up before the South College to batter down the walls; all was made ready, the gun duly pointed, the match lighted, and one of their number had got out his priming wire to make the connection free, when lo! he met with an obstruction, whereupon he exclaimed: "My God, boys! they have out-generaled us after all—the gun is spiked!" He spoke the truth, Bissell had *spiked* the gun.

On the fall of their leader, the mob, infuriated, broke into the churches and rang the fire alarm. This brought out a great body of citizens, who, to the number of thousands, joined the mob. Had the gun once been discharged the rioters would have become insane with excitement, and there is no telling how bloody a tragedy would have ensued. Nothing is so terrible for contemplation—not even a battle-field—as a wild, surging, howling, drunken mob.

Anti-Nebraska Meeting.—No city was more staunch and patriotic than New Haven during the war for the Union. In the excitement consequent upon the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, the extension of slavery to the Pacific, and especially in the attempt to make Kansas a slave State by force of arms, her position was especially prominent. This astonished the South, from whom Yale had largely drawn students.

We have before us a pamphlet giving the proceedings of, and speeches delivered at, two "Anti-Nebraska Meetings," March 8th and 10th, 1854, held in Brewster's Hall. This was just after the bill for the repeal of the Missouri Compromise had passed the Senate and was before the House. The terms of this bill were to erect from the territory west of Missouri and Iowa two territories, Kansas and Nebraska, and allow the settlers therein at option to introduce slavery. It will revive old memories to give here a list of the officers and speakers who took part therein, as among them were some of the most venerated of our citizens, who had never taken part in any political meeting.

President, Chas. L. English; *Vice-Presidents*, Jonathan Knight, Charles Judson, Eli W. Blake, Charles Ball, Henry Trowbridge, Charles Roberts, Stephen D. Pardee, Sidney A. Thomas, Benj. Beecher, Jr., E. T. Foote, Henry Peck, Geo. Brown, Russell Chapman; *Secretaries*, Alfred H. Terry, Jas. M. Woodward, Henry W. Benedict, Henry L. Cannon. *Speeches* by Jas. F. Babcock, Prof. T. A. Thacher, Chas. Ives, Rev. Dr. Nathaniel Taylor, Henry B. Harrison, Rev. Dr. Bacon, Prof. Benj. Silliman, Sr., Prof. Alex. C. Twining, Russell Chapman, Rev. Dr. Cleveland, Charles E. Morse, Charles Ball, Eleazer K. Foster and Mr. Talcott.

In that list of names the older citizens will recognize the strongest and most eloquent men of that day in our city, and the occasion called forth the utmost of their powers.

New Haven Kansas Colony.—The Nebraska Bill having become a law, then came the struggle whether Kansas should be made a free or a slave State. The border war ensued, during which armed men from Missouri invaded the territory, and in May, 1856, sacked and partially burnt Lawrence. At that period John Brown's soul, then in the flesh, was especially active.

While this struggle was pending, a colony of eighty men was formed in New Haven to emigrate to Kansas and assist by their votes in making Kansas a free State. Charles B. Lines was elected president.

While the company was forming a famous meeting was held at the North Church, which, from the action there, got, for the time being, the appellations of "The Old Fort," "Kansas Stamping Ground," etc. This was on March 22d, 1856, when spirited addresses were made by Henry Ward Beecher, Chas. B. Lines, and others. In its course some one remarked that these men were leaving their homes to help save their country from the further blight of slavery, and that they should not be allowed to depart without proper means of defense, whereupon at once one of the audience became aroused, and to the surprise of the rest, and even of himself, called out, "I'll give a Sharpe's rifle." This "started the ball," wholly unanticipated. It was instantly followed by others from all parts of the house, until fifty rifles were offered, Mr. Beecher pledging twenty-five from his own congregation in Brooklyn. Among the donors was the venerable Professor Silliman, and several were pledged by the Junior Class of Yale College. As the names of the different donors were called out Mr. Beecher made sport for the excited audi-

ence by punning upon their names. When Henry Killam offered a Sharpe's rifle, it was "that is the kind that will kill'em." On John G. North's name being called out, it was—"The South will find there is a North," and so on. One lady's name was called, that of Miss Mary Dutton, of a time-honored family, and principal of the Grove Street Female Seminary.

Such an extraordinary meeting had never before been held in any American church, and its proceedings were heralded all over the land, producing from the pro-slavery press a storm of unmitigated denunciation and abuse. Those ferocious, blood-thirsty New Haven men were going to make war upon the meek, peace-loving slaveholders! The power of this movement was felt in Congress, and afterwards proved to be one of the great levers which helped to overthrow slavery.

On the 31st of March a farewell meeting of the "New Haven Colony for Kansas" was held in Brewster's Hall. Professor Silliman presided; prayer was offered by Dr. Bacon, and Mr. Lines, a natural, earnest speaker, made his farewell address. The rifles were also presented, and with them a goodly quantity of Bibles. Then the whole audience arose and sang "The Kansas Emigrant Song," by J. G. Whittier, to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne."

At the close of the meeting, armed with their Sharpe's rifles—and the Bibles—they were escorted to the boat by the City Guard.

On their arrival in Kansas they formed a settlement called Waubensee, where Mr. Lines still resides, one of the patriarchs of the land, and with a beard as magnificent as Moses gave to the breeze on the summit of Pisgah. In his youthful days, in New Haven, his specialties were the making of furniture, horticulture, and temperance oratory.

In the war for the preservation of the Union, New Haven proved worthy of her old-time fame. Some of her noblest sons died that the nation might live; and we may say of them:

"Nor wreck, nor change, nor Winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Can dim one ray of holy light
That gilds their glorious tomb."

Two of our citizens achieved a national reputation, Andrew Hull Foote and Alfred Howe Terry. The first sleeps with the fathers in Grove Street Cemetery; the other lives a general still in the service of his country, the Commander of the Department of Dakota. Consequent upon his storming and capture of Fort Fisher, deemed impregnable, he received the thanks of Congress, and, furthermore, with it the appointment of general in the regular army; an honor not accorded to any other officer, bred as a civilian, during the entire war.

Unlike the mass of volunteer officers, General Terry had made the science of war a special study; and he came of military stock: by his father's side, from that dauntless Captain Wadsworth, who, when Governor Fletcher came from New York to usurp command of the Hartford train bands, ordered the drums to "beat," and, when interrupted, called out: "Drum, drum, I say I!" upon which, they obeying, he instantly turned to his Excellency, and with great earnestness, exclaimed: "If I am interrupted again, I will make the sun shine through you in a moment." He, also, was the man who, when the lights were put out, seized the charter of Connecticut and hid it, thus making an oak tree famous. The General, by his mother's side, is a grandson of the General Howe, commander at New Haven in the war of 1812, and who, on the occasion of that alarm, as related, ordered the town bells to be rung—a perfectly proper thing to do, but not immortalizing like the secreting of the parchment.

No events of moment have transpired since that bloody conflict, when the shackles fell from the slave. Peace reigns, and the land flows with milk and honey; while white-robed children, happy and beautiful, in ever graceful motion, enliven our lawns, and the music of their voices floats upon the soft air of Summer. Great are the changes since that time, 246 years ago, when a small band of strangers crossed the broad ocean in some little cockle-shells of vessels and came to this forest-clad plain to seek their fortunes; came in the fear of God, and with brave hearts to earn an honest living, and for years had a hard time.

And now, on this gala day of general rejoicing, we can say we have come upon the dawn of happier and wiser times. The original plan seems to be working greater and greater good all over God's world, and as we lift our hearts in gratitude we can but feel that the most delight-giving spot to us, who are to the manor born, is right here under the shade of our magnificent elms, which now rear their proud forms to the skies and rejoice in the full glory of their dancing, quivering leaves.

FIRST OFFICERS OF THE CITY GOVERNMENT, ELECTED FEBRUARY 10, 1784.—*Mayor*, Roger Sherman; *Clerk*, Josiah Meigs; *Treasurer*, Hezekiah Sabin; *Sheriff's*, Elias Stillwell, Parsons Clark; *Aldermen*, Thomas Howell, Samuel Bishop, David Austin, Isaac Beers; *Councilmen*, James Hillhouse, Pierpont Edwards, Ebenezer Townsend, Timothy Jones, John Whiting, Henry Daggett, Joseph Howell, James Rice, Elias Shipman, Ebenezer Beardsley, Joseph Thompson, Eneas Munson, Jeremiah Atwater, Stephen Ball, Jonathan Ingersoll, Abraham Augur, Abel Bassett, Joseph Bradley, Michael Todd, and Joel Gilbert.

MAYORS, WHEN INDUCTED INTO OFFICE.—Roger Sherman, 1784; Samuel Bishop, 1793; Elizur Goodrich, 1803; George Hoadley, 1822; Simeon Baldwin, 1826; William Bristol, 1827; David Daggett, 1828; Ralph I. Ingersoll, 1830; Dennis Kimberly, 1831; Ebenezer Seeley, 1832; Dennis Kimberly, 1833; Noyes

Darling, 1833; Henry C. Flagg, 1834; Samuel J. Hitchcock, 1839; Philip S. Galpin, 1842; Henry Peck, 1846; Aaron N. Skinner, 1850; Chauncey Jerome, 1854; Alfred Blackman, 1855; Philip S. Galpin, 1856; Harmanus M. Welch, 1860; Morris Tyler, 1863; Erastus C. Scranton, 1865; Lucien W. Sperry, 1866; Wm. Fitch, 1869; Henry G. Lewis, 1870; Wm. R. Shelton, 1877; Hobart B. Bigelow, 1879; John B. Robertson, 1881; Henry G. Lewis, 1883.

POPULATION.—The population of New Haven, by the census of 1790, was 4,448; in 1800, 5,157; in 1810, 6,967; in 1820, 8,327; in 1830, 10,678; in 1840, 15,820; in 1850, 22,529; in 1860, 39,277; in 1870, 50,840; in 1880, 62,880, and in 1884, estimated by Mayor Lewis at 75,000.

PROGRAMME.

*Celebration Exercises of the Centennial Anniversary of
the Founding of the City Government, February
10th, 1784, held at New Haven, Conn.,
Independence Day, July 4th,
1884.*

Evening of July 3rd.—Grand Illumination and Fireworks by citizens, including a cluster of Electric Lights on the Liberty Pole.

On July 4th, at Sunrise.—Ringing of Bells for one hour, including one hundred strokes on the Fire Alarm Bells. Salute of one hundred guns.

At 11 o'clock, A. M.—Grand Military and Civic Parade, including 2nd Regiment, Col. Chas. P. Graham; 2nd Company Governor's Foot Guards, Capt. E. T. Morse; 2nd Company Governor's Horse Guards, Major H. H. Strong; Company A (colored), Fifth Battalion, Capt. Daniel Lathrop; Admiral Foote Post, G. A. R.; Henry C. Merwin Post, G. A. R.; Sons of Veterans; Collegiate and Commercial Institute, Major Larned; Juveniles in Military; New Haven and Fair Haven Fire Departments; Veteran Firemen's Association; Civic Societies; Antiques and Continentals; Trades, etc.

At 1 o'clock, P. M.—Grand Review by His Honor, Mayor H. G. Lewis and the Court of Common Council of the City of New Haven, from a platform in front of the City Hall.

At 3 o'clock, P. M.—Day Fireworks on the Green.

At 4 o'clock, P. M.—Literary Exercises in Carll's Opera House, including music by the scholars of the Public Schools under Prof. Jepson; Prayer by the Rev. Dr. Edwin Harwood; Historical Address by Rev. Thomas Rutherford Bacon.

At Sunset.—Ringing of Bells with National Salute.

At 8 o'clock, P. M.—Fireworks from the Green.